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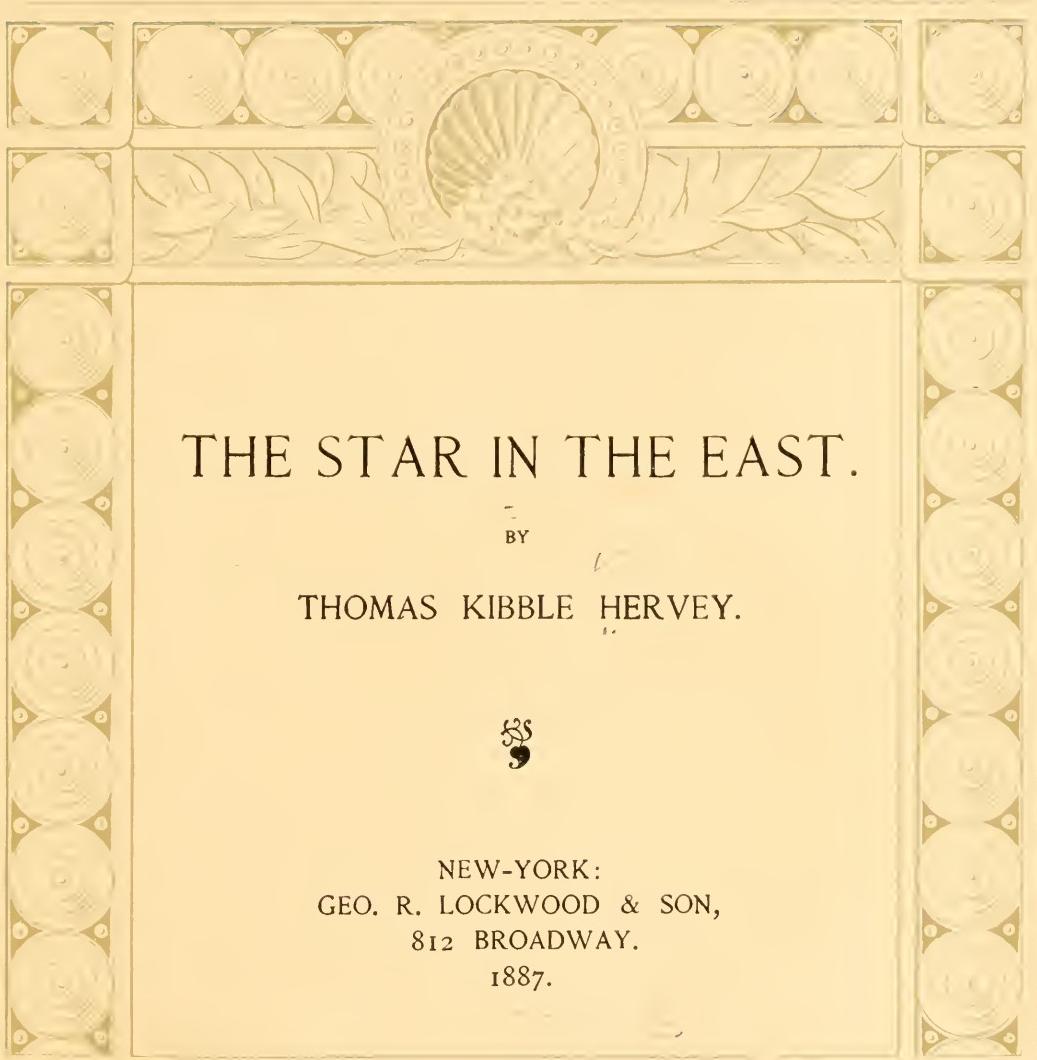
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THE STAR IN THE EAST.

BY

THOMAS KIBBLE HERVEY.



NEW-YORK:
GEO. R. LOCKWOOD & SON,
812 BROADWAY.
1887.

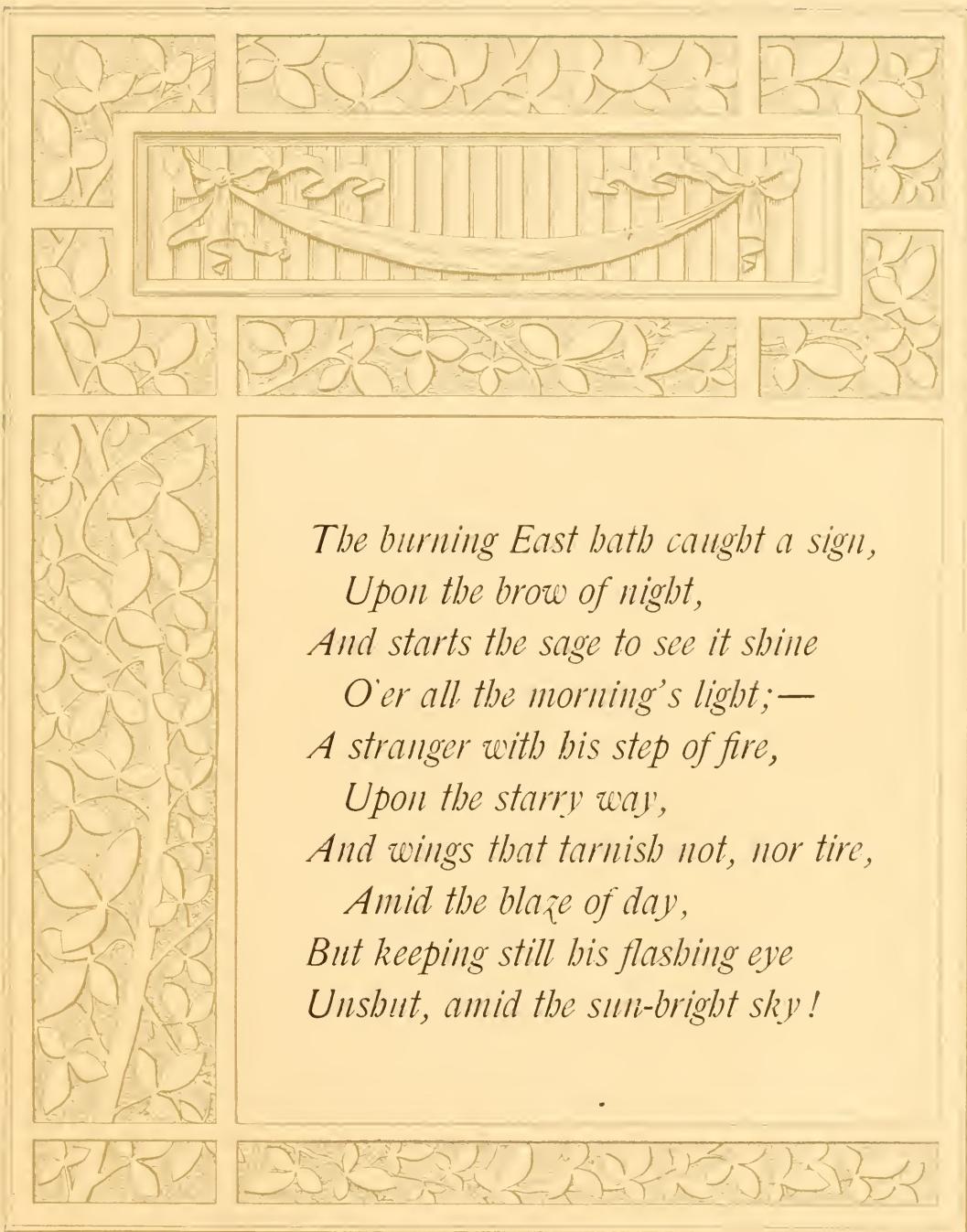


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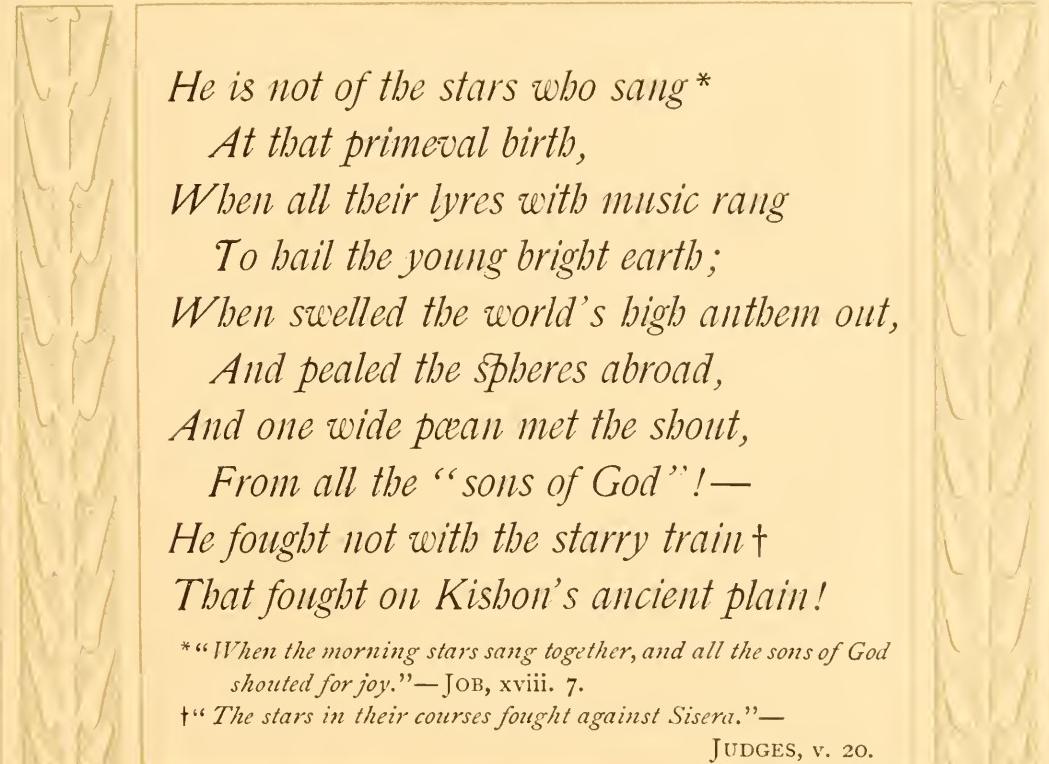
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*The burning East bath caught a sign,
Upon the brow of night,
And starts the sage to see it shine
O'er all the morning's light;—
A stranger with his step of fire,
Upon the starry way,
And wings that tarnish not, nor tire,
Amid the blaze of day,
But keeping still his flashing eye
Unshut, amid the sun-bright sky !*



*He is not of the stars who sang **
At that primeval birth,
When all their lyres with music rang
To hail the young bright earth;
When swelled the world's high anthem out,
And pealed the spheres abroad,
And one wide pæan met the shout,
From all the "sons of God"! —
He fought not with the starry train †
That fought on Kishon's ancient plain!

* "When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." — JOB, xviii. 7.

† "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera." —

JUDGES, v. 20.



*Whence comes that glorious messenger?
Why came he not before?
Chaldea bath no form so fair,
In all her planet-lore;
The Gheber knoweth not that star,
Amid his creed of fire;
Nor bath its beauty bailed, from far,
The mariner of Tyre,
When midnight, with her spirit-train,
Looked o'er the Idumean main!*

*It prophesieth in the skies ; —
O where bath it been bid,
For ages, mid the myriad eyes
That watch the pyramid ?
The Persian, with his starry wit,
He cannot speak its name ;
And who shall read the story writ
Upon its brow of flame ?
It bath no page in Grecian art,
Nor sign on Zoroaster's chart.*

*It spreadeth forth its glittering wing,
And beckoneth to the West,
And circleth, like a living thing,
In haste—that may not rest:—
The sage hath watched its course afar,
And pondered it apart,
Till, lo! the story of that star
Beams in upon his heart,—
And brightly rises on his soul
The legend of its burning scroll!*

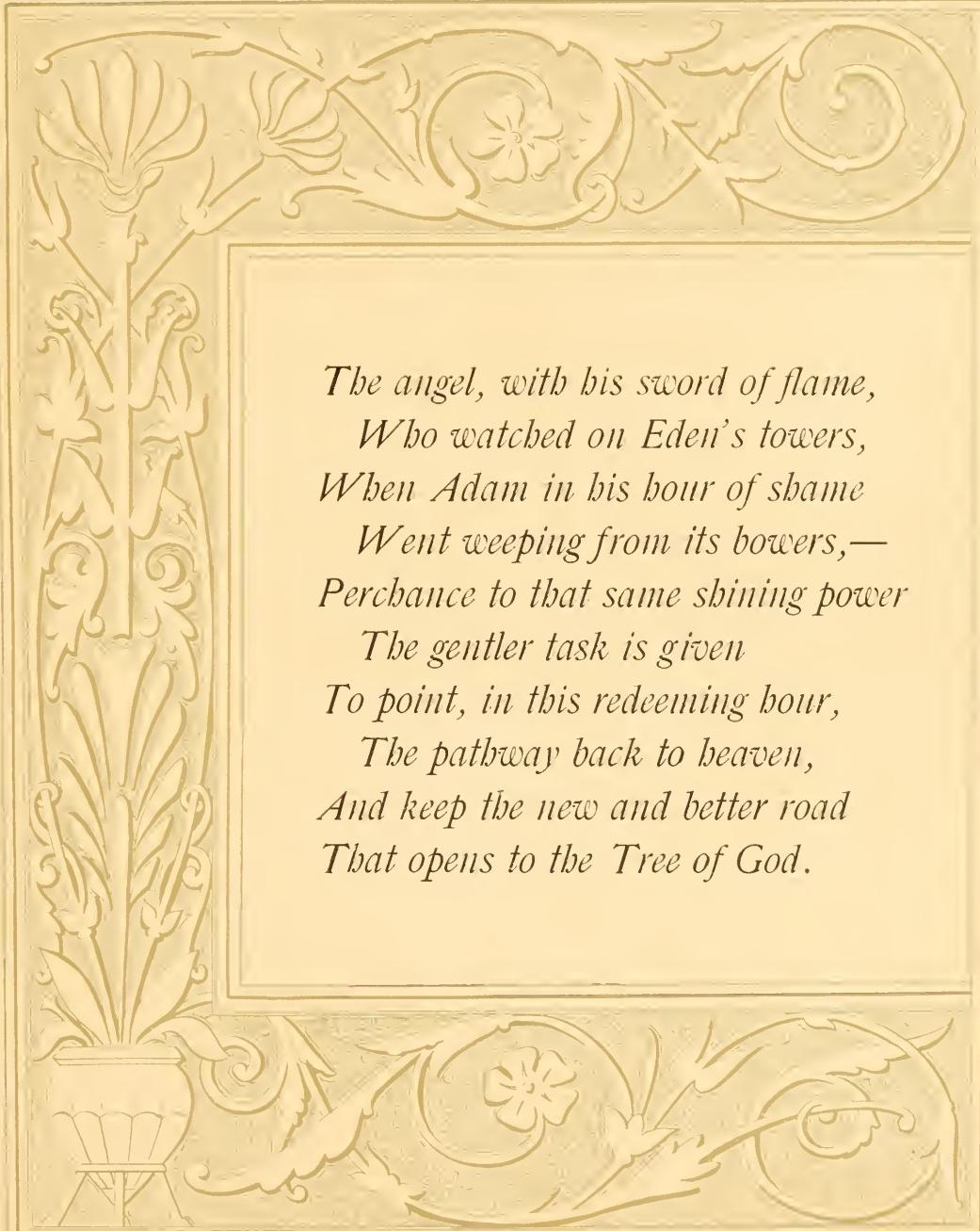
*'T is he—'t is he—the light of whom
Those ancient prophets told,
The star that should from Jacob come*
To shine on Judah's fold!
The East shall offer odors sweet,
To meet its rising smiles,
And kings bring presents to His feet,
From Tarshish and the isles,—†
And Sheba, from the desert far,
Be summoned by that herald star.*

* “There shall come a Star out of Jacob.”—NUM. xxiv. 17.

† “The kings of Tarshish and of the isles shall bring presents :
the kings of Sheba and Seba shall offer gifts.”—

PSALMS, lxxii. 10.





*The angel, with his sword of flame,
Who watched on Eden's towers,
When Adam in his hour of shame
Went weeping from its bowers,—
Perchance to that same shining power
The gentler task is given
To point, in this redeeming hour,
The pathway back to heaven,
And keep the new and better road
That opens to the Tree of God.*

*Along the wild, like ships at sea,
The pilgrim-camel rides,
And through the heavens silently
That glorious banner glides:
The desert-fiend, in breathless haste,
Stalks faint and far away,
And like a garden blooms the waste,
Beneath the holy ray,—
Where they who weary not nor rest
Are traveling, star-lead, to the West.*

*When Judah heard the voice of God
On Egypt's hostile plain,
And shook again her hair abroad
And flung away her chain,
She followed, in the desert way,
Alternate gloom and light,
And that was still a shade by day,
Which glowed a fire by night;
And morning saw the Godhead shroud
Behind the Pillar of the Cloud.*

*But onward, onward gliding, still,
Afar and yet afar,
By day and night, o'er plain and hill,
Looks out yon golden star!
O, never herald's presence yet,
With such a glory shone;
And sure, such guide must bring the feet
Unto a gorgeous throne;
And who shall meet His awful eye
Whose burning couriers walk the sky?*

*Yon herald halteth suddenly!
And with their fragrant freight,
The stately camels stoop the knee
Before—a stable-gate!—
O, He whose name was first on high,
Is lowliest in His birth;
And He, whose star is in the sky,
Hath but a crib on earth;—
And they, the wise, have trod the wild,
To bow before—a little child!*

*So,—guided by that eastern ray,
The lowly and the poor
May gather precious truths, to-day,
Beside that stable-door:—
That not unto the highest, here
The highest place is given;
And they who serve below, may wear
The starry crown in heaven;—
And shining things still keep the road
That leads the Christian to his God!*

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